AN APPENDIX TO THE COLLECTION OF HYMNS:

Consisting chiefly of

TRANSLATIONS

From the HYMN-BOOK of the

MORAVIAN BRETHREN.

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APPENDIX

TO THE

COLLECTION

OF

HYMNS:

FOR THE USE OF THE

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

APPENDIX.

HYMN CLXXXVIII.

From the German.

1 AS eager Hunters, who their Game attend,
Wish that their Sport might never have an End,
So I in my Saviour would joy for ever,
If but in his Heart my Place I lose never,
I want none else.

2 We've less Connexion with this vain World's Good,
Than the hard Iron hath with Clay or Wood,
They can ne'er be mixed;
And so we find it,
That the Lord's Servants always were so minded,
ev'n in th' old Times.

APPENDIX

TO THE

COLLECTION

OF

HYMNS:

CONTAINING

ADDITIONAL HYMNS

FOR THE USE OF

METHODIST CHAPELS.

APPENDIX.

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From the German.

1 AS eager Hunters, who their Game attend,
Wish that their Sport might never have an End,
So I in my Saviour would joy for ever,
If but in his Heart my Place I lose never,
I want none else.

2 We've less Connexion with this vain World's Good,
Than the hard Iron hath with Clay or Wood,
They can ne'er be mixed;
And so we find it,
That the Lord's Servants always were so minded,
ev'n in th' old Times.

3 But why have we Thee? Husband of our
Hearts!
Who know'st so well our wretched Nature's
Parts?
If thou had'st not sought us,
and follow'd ever,
We had not sought for Thee, nor known
Thee never,
Who's like to Thee!

CLXXXIX.

From the German.

1 CHild, born without Sin,
Who hath Thee within,
Is so fill'd with Thee,
That even in all Things He would be like
Thee.

2 Behold then how we
So gladly would be
Quite clean thro' thy Blood.
The Robe of thy Righteousness deck us,
O God.

3 Tho' we are but vile,
Yet are we thy Spoil:
Thy Blood-stream so red
Hath made us thy Booties, and Thou art
our Head.

4 Who this can believe,
To him thou giv'ſt Leave,
The Sanctuary
To enter, and there his Redeemer to ſee.

5 The bright ſhining Flame,
From the bleeding Lamb,
There ſhews us quite plain,
How near we're related to God's royal Train.

6 And when once our Face
Can ſee the bright Rays,
Shoot forth from the Lamb,
It makes our Hearts burning and melt by Love's Flame.

7 One comes to the Throne,
And worſhips the Son,
The Angel affords
That Incenſe which daily goes up to the Lord.

8 Lamb! worthy all Praiſe,
Who wert 'fore all Days,
The Saints great and ſmall,
Embrace Thee moſt inly, for Thou art their *All*.

9 O bleeding dear Lamb!
With Eyes full of Flame,
Of Glory and Light,
What Creature can help bowing down in thy Sight?

10 We all at thy Throne
Enamour'd fall down.
Praiſe to Thee our God,
Be brought by us Sinners redeem'd with
thy Blood.

CXC.

From the German.

N° 121.

1 COme now to the Lamb's Feaſt,
In white your Spirits dreſt;
For we in Guilt's Red-Sea
Forſaken do not ſtay;
The Lord our Prince and Friend
Be praiſed without End.

2 His Body, our rich Food,
Prepar'd on Croſs's Wood,
The Blood, ſo crimſon red,
This Paſchal Lamb did ſhed,
Our Ranſom is, whereby
We are to God brought nigh.

3 The Slayer's Night is o'er,
On us he has no Pow'r;
From *Pharaoh* we're ſet free,
And all his Tyranny;
Led forth, deliver'd clean
From Yoke of Luſt and Sin.

4 There-

4 Therefore our Feaſt is Chriſt,
That Lamb once ſacrific'd:
Th' unleaven'd Bread, which ſuits
New Life and its pure Fruits,
Is his Fleſh, for our Good
Up-offer'd and beſtow'd.

5 Off'ring adorable!
Which burſt the Bars of Hell:
What Satan held before,
Shall ſee the Light once more,
Yea is, by Jeſu's Pain,
Reſtor'd to Life again.

6 The Lord now leaves his Tomb:
Th' Abyſs He hath o'ercome,
The murd'ring Prince has bound,
From all his Pow'r dethron'd,
And from fair *Eden*'s Door
The Bolt ſo ſtrong has tore.

7 Great Father, ever bleſt!
Receive this our Requeſt:
And what thy Son, when here,
By Combat gain'd ſo dear,
Reſcue from Death, and all
Which Miſchief we muſt call.

8 Thou, Lord, be highly prais'd,
Who from the Dead art rais'd!
With Sire, and Spirit too,
Who Strength can us allow

Still more, till Time shall be
Lost in Eternity.

CXCI.

In the German *Measure.*

1 COngregation! Christ's Relation!
Be for ever glad and well.
Thro' the Suff'ring, and the Off'ring,
Which hath ransom'd thee from Hell.

2 He, who cleaveth, moves and liveth
Ev'ry Hour in Jesu's Wounds;
Whose Heart gloweth, and who goeth
In the Light which there abounds:

3 He who blesses and embraces
That dear Heart, so full of Grief;
Who relying on his dying,
Finds in all his Wants Relief:

4 He dare answer, when demanded:
Who He is? and whence He came?
I'm a Sinner and a Lover
Of the Child from Bethlehem.

5 *Jesu's dying* makes thee joying,
Church of Philadelphia! *
Who hath dearer Things or nearer,
Goes Laodicea's Way.

* Rev. iii. 10.

CXCII.

A HYMN *for Widows.*

1 DEar Lamb, ſo freely ſlain,
Ev'n for the Widow's Train,
Explain to us our State,
And all of us create
As thou would'ſt have us be;
Make us eſpous'd to Thee.

2 Thou art the Widow's Friend,
To us thy Spirit ſend;
Be in our Huſband's Place,
And fill us with thy Grace.
All worldly Care remove,
Since Thou tak'ſt care Above.

3 O with that Singleneſs
Of Heart us kindly bleſs.
O that not one might know
What it is wanton grow
Dear Saviour againſt Thee,
Who wilſt our Huſband be.

4 Root out each carnal Truſt;
In Thee let's put our Truſt;
Our Children, thoſe poor Souls,
Take all in thy Wound-holes.
In ſhort, give what we need
To be Widows indeed.

CXCIII.

In the Tune, O thou deareſt Bridegroom.

1 DEareſt Saviour! thy beloved Bride,
Is enamour'd with thy bleeding Side,
And the Prints in Hands and Feet,
Give her Meditation ſweet,
Grant her thereby ever to abide.

2 Let each Member's Body and his Soul
Dwell and harbour in each Wound and Hole,
Which the Scourge, the Nails, the Spear,
Made in thy Fleſh, Saviour dear!
And thy Blood flow ſtreaming thro' the Whole.

3 O how charming is the bloody Tree!
Come ye Sinners hither, come and ſee!
See here hangs the Lamb of God!
Who redeem'd you thro' his Blood,
And who pardons your Iniquity.

4 O how ſweetly didſt thou call and woo
Us thy Servants, and thy Handmaids too,
Who are all ſo vile and baſe,
Where could be ſuch Love and Grace?
There was never ſuch a Lumb, that's true!

5 Show'rs of Bleſſings we have felt indeed,
Far exceeding all and every Need,

For

For no Servant of our King
Ever lacked any thing;
'Twas to bleſs us when he there did bleed.

6 Come then, Brethren, who thus bleſſed are,
Join together both in Work and Pray'r,
Venture all on him the Lord,
Who hath given us his Word,
That without Him we ſhan't loſe one Hair.

7 Lord, have Mercy on this Land and Place,
And the Labours of thy Servants bleſs:
Stand by them with Life and Pow'r,
That they every Day and Hour,
Glad and boldly may thy Croſs profeſs.

CXCIV.

1 DEareſt Children, hark and ſee,
What a Saviour now have we,
He in *Mary*, *Joſeph*'s Wife,
By God's Sp'rit was brought to Life.

2 Tho' He is the Son of God,
Yet He took our Fleſh and Blood,
And as other Children came,
When brought forth in *Bethlehem*.

3 Now, that God became a Child,
Shews that he is kind and mild;
Nothing moved Him indeed,
But that he to Death might bleed.

He,

4 He, who our Flesh not despis'd,
He was also circumcis'd,
Named *Jesus*, and God gave
Him this Name, for he should save.

5 He should all his Souls set free
From th' unhappy Slavery,
Wherein they were to his Shame;
Children! let us love his Name.

6 *Jesus* is the sweetest Name;
He is also call'd a Lamb,
Of whom *John* could gladly say,
That it takes all Sin away.

7 *Jesus* is our Saviour,
Who once all our Sickness bore,
Who was full of Grief and Smart,
Whom at last Death broke his Heart.

8 Children, let us think: alas!
If there now no *Jesus* was,
To whom all poor Souls could creep,
O then all the World might weep.

9 Jesu, here thou seest some Forms
Fill'd with little helpless Worms;
Come, thou Childrens tender Friend,
Take us in thy Arm and Hand.

10 Bless us all as here we sit,
Make each Heart for thy House fit,
We beseech thee heartily,
Let us thy Heart's Pleasure be.

11 O that from this very Hour,
Each could feel thy Love's ſweet Pow'r;
O that we ſoon, ſoon could ſee,
Each of us in love with Thee.

12 O thou deareſt wounded King,
Let us ſoon thy Praiſes ſing;
Let us ſoon exalt thy Name,
Loving Shepherd! ſlaughter'd Lamb!

13 Give to us poor little Souls,
Rooms and Beds in the dear Holes
Of thy Hands and Feet; yea, hide
Each, and all, within thy Side.

14 And when Satan at an Hour,
Comes one Chicken to devour,
Let the Childrens Angels ſay,
Theſe are Chriſt's Chicks, go thy way.

CXCV.

1 ELder of thy Train!
Lamb of God once ſlain!
Thy dear Flock, thy Congregation,
Sinks, with Child-like Adoration,
Down before thy Feet,
Whoſe Prints are ſo ſweet,

2 O how weeps her Heart
At the Lamb's great Smart!

On

On the Cross to see Him bleeding
Is all Sweetness far exceeding!
Ev'ry Limb of His
She greets with a Kiss.

3 O how does she sink!
When she inly thinks,
How out of his Side is flowing
That, which makes the Heart so glowing,
That atoning Blood
Of the Lamb of God.

4 Thus by Day and Night,
It's her Heart's Delight,
To consider the Lamb *crying*,
Sweating, thirsting, bleeding, dying;
Then, her Heart on Flame,
Sings Lamb, Lamb, O Lamb!

CXCVI.

From the German.

1 FEW Years ago
(As well we know)
We were but five*,
To us did four arrive.
We lost twain of our few
They too.

* See the History of the *Moravian* Brethren.

What

What did we gain
For the Lamb ſlain?
O Thouſand Souls
Who ſound of his Wound-holes.

2 Lord Chriſt once dead!
Thy Wounds ſo red
Theſe lead thy Hoſt
There on the other Coaſt.
And in our Country here
Burns clear
A ſhining Flame,
Which (ſince the Lamb
Baptized was)
Aſcendeth from his Croſs.

3 The only Bark
Since *Noah*'s Ark
(As Hiſt'ry ſhews)
Devoted to God's Uſe,
To Jeſu's Spouſe brings near
From far,
Juſt ſuch a Train
Of happy Men,
As once we find
In Heart and Soul were join'd *.

4 O'er all, bleſt Lord!
Th' eternal Word!

* Act. i. 15.

Each Creature's Head
(Since all by Thee were made)
God! who the World so wide
Do'st guide,
Who mad'st by Blood,
What spoil'd was, good;
Our Holiness
Thou'rt Lord! we Thee embrace.

5 Bring in then here
The Father dear,
The Spirit too,
Which forth from Thee does flow.
Then come Thou Three in One
Sit down,
Feast with us all
In this blest Hall;
And rule with Pow'r
Now and for evermore.

6 Sure as Thou liv'st
And as Lord mov'st
On Cherubim,
And aw'st the Seraphim;
As JEHOVAH's thy Name
And Lamb:
So sure's the Blood
The chiefest Good
Of Sinners poor,
'Till Death shall be no more.

CXCVII.

From the German.

1 GOD Holy Ghoſt, I thank and praiſe thy Name,
My Fellow-members alſo do the ſame,
Tnat Thou haſt the Saviour
To us revealed,
That we can love him, and with Fire are filled
Thro' thy kind Aid.

2 That Thou from Hearts and Eyes haſt quite diſpers'd
The Miſt with which we blinded were and curs'd;
That we can ſee clearly.
And know aſſured
What He for us hath on the Croſs endured.
Hallelujah!

3 Now to the Lamb our Hearts we wholly turn,
Who to redeem us felt ſuch deep Concern;
And we wiſh to witneſs
To each poor Creature
Who's plagued thro' the Blindneſs of his Nature.
O help us here!

4 For since He on the Cross remains our God,
We never think Reproach a heavy Load;
Lamb, and Blood, and Saviour,
Are our blest Treasure,
The World may laugh and mock us at its Pleasure,
It hurts us not.

5 We therefore witness this in every Hour,
And pray that all may soon be drawn with Pow'r
Unto thy dear Wound-holes,
Which thou hast suffer'd,
In Hands, Feet, Side, when thou for us wert offer'd,
In this we're glad.

6 Now, Father, bless thy dear Son's Sweat and Toil;
On all thy Brethren's Work, Lamb, pour thy Oil!
And now kindly water
What we've been sowing;
Our hearty Tears shall too be freely flowing.
O prosper it!

7 We from our Hearts will praise the Lamb To-day,
Since to thy bleeding Wounds we've found the Way,
That thy Blood and Mercy
We may inherit,
And

And thou'st inflam'd us with a witness Spirit
Thro' thy free Grace.

Here as we are our Hearts to Thee we give,
O let us to thy Praise and Honour live,
And of thy dear Sufferings
Witness incessant,
Till we've spent all our Strength in this
Employment,
And go to Thee.

CXCVIII.

From the German.

GO paint the Lamb before their Eyes,
How He to be our Sacrifice
Bore Death's so bitter Pain:
O ye his Cross's Booties! bear
Thro' all our Land both far and near,
The Gospel of the Lamb once slain.

CXCIX.

From the German.

1 HOW vain th' Attempt, to want to overthrow
What our dear Lamb has once decreed to do,

For his poor Sinners and Relations dear,
Who're bound to Him by Bond of Blood so near.

2 We greet each other in thy Name in Love,
Knowing as sure as that Thou rul'st Above,
That *Sion*'s Bulwarks, holy Walls, and Tow'rs,
Remain eternal 'spite of all Hell's Pow'rs.

CC.

From the German.

JESU, our Joy and loving Friend,
Both thy dear Wings around extend,
Thy little Chickens hide:
Would Satan seize us as his Prey,
Then let the Angels sing and say,
This Chick shall undisturb'd abide.

CCI.

In the German *Measure.*

IS that my dearest Brother?
Says one of low Degree,
Who t' be the Father's Equal
Did not think Robbery *.

* Philip. ii, 6.

And

And who became a Man like me,
And is so mild and loving?
He is it certainly.

2 Church who art so enamour'd
With his Side's open Space;
You once in Heart so grieved,
Now joyful Flock of Grace!
What think you, that to Him on high,
For whom ev'n *Jobs* did tremble,
One dare approach so nigh.

3 He show'rs his choicest Blessings
This Day upon thy Heart,
And also to thy Body
These Blessings he'll impart.
That Blood which from his Wounds he shed,
Is thy Drink, and his Body
Is thy true heav'nly Bread.

4 He said, My Flesh is truly
Meat, and my Blood is Drink:
So did, unto his Glory,
The Twelve believe and think.
We too believe, we also feel,
We can with full Assurance
To this Truth set our Seal.

5 Church! hast thou now embraced
Thy Lord with Heart on Flame?
Who is't, whom thou wert viewing?
Christ, the tormented Lamb.

O Church! thy dear Immanuel
Is a consuming Fire,
Lord, over Death and Hell.

6 But yet I will behold Him
For me in Cross's Smart.
To Him one may come boldly,
And go quite near his Heart.
His coming in the Flesh, so blest,
O may that keep his People
In Soul and Body chaste!

7 Now Church, his sacred Body!
Fill'd by his Death with Life,
Thou by the Lamb thy Husband
Acknowledg'd as his Wife!
Come! and this Mercy's-wonder own.
He is the GOD from Heaven!
Fall!—Blood-bought Church!—fall down.

CCII.

From the German.

The Language of a Brother or Sister, when not admitted to the Lord's Supper.

1 I'M yet not shy to thee, my Lamb,
Tho' now chastis'd by thee I am,
That with thy Church I dare not meet
Thy Flesh and Blood with her to eat.

2 Had I ſtill ſome Self-Righteouſneſs
And ſelf-wrought Stuff of Holineſs,
I ſhould be miſerable now,
Nay I ſhould quite confuſed grow.

3 But ſince I am a Sinner True,
I ſink before thee as 'tis due,
'Fore thee, my deareſt Lamb and Head!
I dare do this, for thou haſt bled.

4 My longing is, o'erwhelm me yet
Who like a Worm twine round thy Feet,
With the red Stream of thy dear Blood
Which all what's ſpoil'd makes wholly good.

5 'Tis true, no hidden Curſe I feel,
That thou art mine I dare to tell:
But yet within thy ſearching Sight,
Thy flaming Eyes, I am not right.

6 I find the Faults are numberleſs
Which thy poor Child committed has,
For which I have deſerved this;
But yet my Pardon purchas'd is.

7 Make me a Piece of Duſt, my Lamb,
'Till I quite low and little am,
I feel ſtill much of Selfiſhneſs,
O free me from it by thy Grace.

8 This Day I give myſelf again,
As thy Reward for all thy Pain:
Form me into thy Image, Lamb,
Thro' Love, or Smart, for thine I am.

9 I kiſs thy Rod moſt heartily,
I know that thou mean'ſt well to me,
Here lies before thee my poor Heart,
Which caus'd thee ſo much Grief and Smart.

10 This Heart is and remains thy own,
For with thy Blood thou haſt it won;
Receive me now ſo as I am,
Lord Jeſus Chriſt, my deareſt Lamb!

11 O dip me deeper in thy Blood,
So ſhall I hence more faithful prove,
And this thy Blood and Righteouſneſs,
Will be my Beauty and my Dreſs.

CCIII.

From the German.

KEEP us in true and living Faith
Father! on Chriſt thy Son,
And give us now from all our Sins
Full Abſolution.

We truſt thou can'ſt not this deny,
For Thou has promis'd us;
That he took all our Sins away,
And bore our Burden on the Croſs.

CCIV.

1 MY Soul come bow this Day,
And Adoration pay
To free electing Grace;
With melted Heart now say,
" Thou saw'ſt me as I was,
" All Sin and Miſery,
" And knew not where to flee,
" But never thought on Thee.

2 But Thou not only saw'ſt
Me in the Vulture's Claws,
And void of all Relief,
But harraſs'd by the Law,
Which caus'd me deadly Grief;
I fought and beat the Air,
Strove, but could not get clear,
And rov'd I know not where.

3 But ſtill thou follow'dſt me
Altho' I flew from Thee,
And by thy Pow'r divine,
Snatch'dſt me from Miſery,
And brought'ſt me ſafe to Thine;
Now here made free from Doubt,
With humbled Heart I ſhout,
What Grace has brought about!

4 O Lamb! Thou Source of Grace,
Receive Thou all my Praise,
For from thy Wounds and Blood
I first convinced was,
That Love's the Name of God;
God, in thy Jesus' Face,
I saw all full of Grace,
Tho' I so sinful was.

CCV.

From the German.

MAY God be gracious to us here,
His Blessing on us pour,
And may his Countenance most clear
Shine on us evermore,
That we may know what is thy Will,
What glorifies thy Name,
And that the Heathen soon may feel
Salvation in the Lamb,
And be brought home to Him.

CCVI.

The Language of the Church.

1 MY Jesus bears far greater Love to me
Than one can outwardly observe or see.

2 When

2 When I before Him my Complaints make known,
He both can hear and bear them as his own.

3 When I with *Peter* weep, o'erwhelm'd with Shame,
And give myself to Him ev'n as I am;

4 Then in the Lamb, ſtain'd with attoning Blood,
I find a tender *Huſband*, *Nurſe*, and *God*.

5 I'll witneſs, even to this Day and Hour,
That I can nothing do by my own Pow'r.

6 His Death and Grace ſuch Life and Strength afford,
That I can all Things do, thro' Him my Lord.

7 So oft as I approach the holy Place,
And bow 'fore Him, in whom I live by Grace;

8 Thus anſwers He each Cry, and each Requeſt;
Amen, it ſhall be ſo, Then I'm at Reſt.

9 He by his Blood takes ev'ry Sin away,
That none can hurt me, none can give Diſmay.

10 Could I have purchas'd for me any Good,
Then He in vain had ſhed his precious Blood.

11 He is my *All*, my Sacrifice and Priest,
My Lord, my God, my Help, my Lamb and Christ.

12 He is too strong for all my bitt'rest Foes,
His Blood none can successfully oppose.

13 His am I both in Body and in Soul:
How can Sin, World, or Satan, me controul?

14 My Body's wash'd in his Side's Water-Flood;
My Soul and Spirit glories in his Blood.

15 And if some Dust defiles my Feet again,
By the same Blood 'tis soon wash'd off quite clean.

16 I drink afresh the Rivulets of Grace,
And get new Strength to run my future Race.

17 His flaming Wounds give me my Warmth and Shine:
And thus I am my Lord's, and He is mine.

CCVII.

In the German *Measure.*

MY God! Thou seest them flying,
And Thee denying,

Thro'

Thro' Satan's envious Lying!
Thy Shame alone.
Remember Jesus dying!
He is thy Son!
How can one his Heart's joying
Him be denying,
Who by Death, Tears, and Crying
The Heathens won?

CCVIII.

1 NOW breath the Spirit's rushing Wind!
Church! cast all other Cares behind,
The Lamb draws near, his Oil this Hour
Will give his Servants Life and Power.

2 Receive then, Brother, Sister, from on high
That which you now shall sanctify.
The Spirit purchas'd by his Blood
Ordains you Priest before our God.

3 He will with Incense you supply,
Whose Smoke ascends to God on high.
And fill your Heart with burning Love,
Where-e'er you rest, or stand, or move.

4 He pierces thro' your Flesh and Soul,
And richly flows throughout the Whole;
Anoints your Head, and Hands, and Heart,
And gives you Mother's Joy and Smart.

5 Thanks, Praiſe, and Adoration,
Be to Thee, Lamb, thou gracious Son!
That Thou vouchſaf'ſt to be always
With thy Church, till to th' End of Days.

6 Think on each Flock where'er diſpers'd,
Wherein thy Praiſes are rehears'd.
In *Europe* and *America*,
In *Aſia* and in *Africa*.

7 And bleſs the venerable Train
Of *Elders*, whom Thou doſt ordain
To be on Earth thy Images:
Give Hearts to pray, and Hands to bleſs.

8 Give to our *Biſhops* watchful Eyes,
To hinder all that Satan tries.
Let them and all the *Wardens* ſtand
For thy dear Flock with Life in Hand.

9 And all the *worthy Offices*
In thy Blood-Congregation bleſs!
Give unto *ev'ry Labourer*
For Souls a tender Love and Care.

10 And bring each Soul to know thy Death
To go on this Truth's ſimple Path,
That Thou who bought'ſt us with thy Blood,
Art the whole Church's Lord and God.

CCIX.

From the German.

NOW, Brethren and Sisters, come join Hands in Love!
In all Places faithful to Jesus to prove,
Where we and our Fellows obediently stand,
To sow and to reap at his Call and Command.

CCX.

From the German.

N° 1222.

1 O Ye who Grace's Children are,
Who the poor Sinners Title bear,
To many quite unknown;
Ye who can offer to your King
(Who'll not despise the meanest Thing)
Nought that is really your own?

2 Come, and sing Praise with one Consent;
And tho' ye have no Instrument
But a poor bruised Reed,
Which had been broke, but for his Care;
Yet will He thereto lend an Ear,
And o'er your Choir his Blessing shed.

CCXI.

From the German.

O Holy Ghost, what flows from Thee,
I often sensibly have found:
Thy hard and gentle Staff I see
Give me a deep and solid Ground.
When I, my Lesson to repeat,
To Thee my holy Master go:
Then is the *Lamb* and his *Reward*
The Question and the Answer too.

CCXII.

From the German.

N° 1575.

1 O Thou unrivall'd Lamb!
We must adore thy Name,
When we, of Faith possest,
Behold the strong Love's Flame
Which fills and warms thy Breast,
And th' impatient Zeal
That Souls this might feel.

2 'Tis still upon thy Heart,
What in the World Thou wert,

That

That Man might Life regain;
How, as a Man of Smart,
Thou yieldeſt to be ſlain
On the Croſs's Stem,
As th' Attoning Lamb.

3 Thy Impulſe moves around
In ev'ry Place and Ground;
Thou ſtirreſt up the Hearts,
Thro' the moſt pow'rful Sound
Of thy Death's bitter Smart;
Thy Wounds ſparkling Light
Shines moſt clear and bright.

4 For the majeſtick Rays
Which each Nail-print diſplays,
Can even melt a Stone,
And, to thy laſting Praiſe,
The ſtrongeſt Rocks throw down:
Who beholds them right
Makes them his Delight.

5 The Church, which even now
Sits at thy Foot-ſtool low,
Can praiſe Thee heartily:
The Worth ſhe well does know
Of thy Election free;
For thy Wounds and Grace
Is her Happineſs.

6 The World can nought deviſe
Which ſo well ſatisfies,

And

And such Content can yield,
As our dear Ransom Price;
Hereon our Hopes we build:
Each remains thereby
In Simplicity.

7 Thy chosen Path we tread,
Refresh'd and comforted:
Us in thy Hand up-bear,
And daily forward lead
With thy most tender Care;
Yea, by every Step
Close to our Side keep.

8 From Grace to Grace reveal
In us thy perfect Will:
Let each One onward move,
As a Worm base and vile,
As such a little Dove,
Which hath no Abode
But thy Wounds, O God!

9 The Ransom Price so dear,
Be weighty, strong, and clear.
Let us ne'er hold our Peace;
But nakedly declare
To each in every Place,
What thy Blood and Grace
Does for Sinners base.

CCXIII.

From the German.

Before the Sacrament.

1 O That the Saviour's faithful Bride
This Moment in the Grave might hide
With her Beloved who was ſlain,
And bore for us ſuch racking Pain.

2 O that the Members all might be
From their own Nature wholly free,
So dead to all Unrighteouſneſs,
As once they were to Righteouſneſs.

3 O Thou who with the two-edg'd Sword,
Haſt many a Hold of Sin o'erpow'r'd,
What of our own does yet abide
Be thro' thy Body mortified.

4 Church, tremble both in Fleſh and Soul,
The Lamb's Death now goes thro' the Whole;
The Paſchal Fleſh, which we ſhall taſte,
Keep Thee in Soul and Body chaſte.

During

During the Sacrament.

1 THE Breath which can the dead Bones raise,
And to the Members Life conveys,
Thy Spirit, Soul, and Body move,
Lamb's mortified Wife, with Love;
The Cup of Bleſſing here with Life runs o'er,
Which flows from Jeſu's Blood for evermore.

2 Here lies, O God, thy Body now,
Let thy bleſt Spirit pierce it thro';
That which muſt heal each ſinful Soul,
From Head to Foot reſtore it whole,
And which has Thouſand Sinners form'd anew,
How ſoon can this thy Body, Lord, go thro'?

3 Blood-Congregation, riſe and bow,
Thy Sovereign's Pow'r is ſtirring now:
Take, drink the Blood ſo freely ſpilt
For thine and every Sinner's Guilt:
Spirit and Incenſe, living Coals and Fire,
Are freely offer'd to the Soldiers Choir.

4 Now then, thou Huſband of thy Bride,
The Church's Mouth is open'd wide,
The Members want to feel thy Might,
To help them faithfully to fight;

We

We thirſt for Life; O Prince, thou know'ſt it well,
What One who thirſts within himſelf muſt feel.

CCXIV.

From the German.

1 O Lord, preſerve and bleſs
All what thy dear Son has,
O bleeding Countenance,
Send out thy ſparkling Rays
On thy Inheritance.
Lamb, lift up thy Face
O'er thy choſen Race,
And bring in thy Peace.

2 The Wounds our Sins procur'd
When Hands and Feet were bor'd,
The Furrows drawn ſo deep
Upon thy Body, Lord!
Comfort thy Church, and keep
Her eternally
Thro' all that which ſhe
Suffers here for Thee.

3 The Word, the ſmall Word Blood,
Makes all the Churches good.
May that ſtill more adorn

Herrn-

[a] Herzbrug. [b] Hanau. [c] Herrnhuth,
[d] Zeist, [e] Neuwied, [f] Lindheim,
[g] Barby, [h] Montmirail,
[i] Bethlehem, [k] Sitzenhirn, and all.

CCXV.

From the German.

1 O Lamb of God, once sacrific'd,
O King, so shamefully despis'd,
Yet Prince of thy blest Race,
Of thy small Flock the Head and Guide,
Dispers'd o'er this thy Earth so wide,
Make it henceforth quite numberless.

2 Here seest Thou a Flock at hand,
Which Thou from ev'ry Place and Land
Hast brought and join'd in one;
Front whom thou never didst conceal
Thy Power and thy gracious Will,
Thy Spirit's Operation.

[a] Near *Francfort* on the Maine. [b] In *Holland*.
[c] In *Lusatia*, near *Zittau*. [d] In *Canada*. [e] Near
Hernhaag. [f] The Brethren's Church. [g] Near
Gotha. [h] In *Silesia*. [i] In *Switzerland*. [k] In
Livonia.

3 For

3 For for this Cause Thou once hast dy'd,
Thou chosen Servant of thy Bride,
That Thou thy Flock might'st gain;
And that they all might live in Peace,
And evermore before thy Face,
Thou died'st once ne'er to die again.

4 Acknowledge us, thou Shepherd dear!
Us thy poor Train of Children here,
Us thy weak Orphan Brood;
Who must for ever silent stand
Should'st Thou the least from us demand,
Us Drops of thy great Witness Cloud.

5 Some are thy Witnesses below,
Which at thy Foot-stool prostrate bow,
Who'rt fill'd the Great Amen,
And Satan's Lord and Conqueror;
The rest are Sinners, who thy Pow'r
Feel, and by Blood are wash'd quite clean.

6 O let the Word of Life and Grace,
(Which never from thy Witnesses
Goes forth an empty Sound)
In all our Hearts and Bosoms move;
Yea, let us too that Spirit prove
Of Pow'r which in thy Word is found.

7 We pray Thee with the deepest Shame,
Tho' we rely upon thy Name,
Amidst our Poverty;

Give us new Grace, new Strength and Might,
To enter on our Warfare's Fight;
Make us devoted quite to Thee.

8 And since we see each Day and Hour
Such living Fruits of thy great Pow'r;
This is a Proof must clear;
That from the Flock, whom thou dost love,
Thou 'rt never at a great Remove,
No, but Thou 'rt ever inly near.

9 Then let the Flames of Love divine,
Which in our Hearts beam forth and shine,
Meet Thee with gentle Force:
Rejoice thou o'er our Love's strong Flame,
Which first from thy deep Ocean came,
And then flows back to Thee its Source.

10 O may our Hearts be overflow'd
With the full Beam of Grace and Blood,
That it may shine most clear;
Where-e'er we live, where-e'er we move:
Yea, let it fill our Succour prove,
When acting in thy Cross Affair.

11 Yet we request this one Thing more:
Thou who amid it as rul'st with Pow'r
Be with us inly nigh;

Display

Display thy Heart each Day more sweet,
From every Stain wash clean our Feet,
Our Nature wholly sanctify.

CCXVI.

From the German.

1 O Holy Wounds! stand open wide,
That all of us may freely hide;
That we, as weak and helpless Sheep,
Into your sacred Holes may creep.

2 How charming red are you, how fair!
Out of how many a dang'rous Snare
Are Thousand Sinners, who did see
The Beauty of your Prints, made free.

3 A wondrous Act it must be stil'd,
That God was in the Flesh reveal'd,
And did appear in Christ the Man,
To reconcile the World again;

4 And not impute, out of Free Grace,
To them their Sins and Trespasses,
But to forgive all they had done,
And crucify for them his Son.

5 He hath for us the Penance done,
That we our Works might let alone,
And in his Cross might take such Share,
As tho' we crucified were.

6 Now God intreats the Sinner all,
Whom Satan's Lies have caus'd to fall,
That they might all be well content,
Since He to them the Lamb hath sent.

7 A Spectacle God made him there,
As tho' but He the Sinner were,
On the accurſed Croſs's Wood.
The Lamb did pay our Debts by Blood.

8 He took them all upon his Head,
That all the Sinners might be glad,
And thank him for the Pain he bore,
And for his Wound-holes evermore.

9 One ſtands amaz'd, undoubtedly,
To believe with all Simplicity,
That one's redeem'd from Death and Pain,
Merely becauſe the Lamb was ſlain.

10 The Spirit, truly, ſtill ſays, Yes;
And what ſtrong Pow'r could hinder this?
And now 'tis done, Thanks be to God!
Eternal Truth! He ſhed his Blood!

11 True, 'tis above a Thouſand Year,
That He was thro' bor'd with a Spear;
Yet fix thereon our Faith we may,
As if 'twere done but Yeſterday.

12 Of this we now ſhall Witneſs bear,
And loudly call to every Ear:

Believe

Believe that Christ, the Son of God,
To ransom thee, hath shed his Blood.

13 Lord Jesu, O thou worthy Lamb!
Did the whole Earth but feel thy Flame!
O kindle it in every Place
Thro' the good Tidings of Free Grace.

14 And give, O give us, thro' thy Smart,
A burning and a flaming Heart,
Free Grace and Pardon in thy Name
To ev'ry Sinner to proclaim.

15 To us, who love Thee, dearest Lord!
Thy Spirit, Grace, and Life, afford,
To view thy Wounds while we are here
And in the Realm of Thousand Year.

CCXVII.

From the German.

SAnctify thy Congregation!
Make them Booties of thy Passion.
O let not one, mong us have a Place
Who'd not grow in Grace.
Whose Heart would not be quite resign'd
To thy Mind.
Thou know'st how of us thou'rt loved,
Gift of all Gifts best approved,

Heavenly Present, abounding with Grace,
The holy Married State bless
Prosper *the Virgin's Choir:*
Bless ev'ry *Little one,*
Teach them to sing in thy sweetest Tone.
And let the *Young Men* be
Listed and train'd by Thee
In the blest Soldiery.

CCXVIII.

From the German.

1 THAT Jesus loves his Church is surely true,
Therefore He let his Blood so freely flow.

2 Her ev'ry Member is a Grain of Dust,
And knows that Mercy is her only Trust.

3 Tho' the World knows us not, nor what's our Mind,
And calls us by the first bad Name they find:

4 Yet we the most contented Folk abide,
And our Anointed one's most loving Bride.

5 Tho' thro' Reports both good and bad we pass,
Yet we go chearful on 'fore Jesu's Face.

6 The Master which we serve is such a Man,
Who knows what for us He can best ordain.

7 And tho' against all human Wit it goes:
T'accomplish all his Will He fully knows.

8 And all his Work so weighty and so dear
He by poor Sinners does accomplish here.

9 He gives us this assuredly to know,
Hell's Gates his Church shall never overthrow.

10 Therefore t'express ourselves so bold we dare,
And not one Enemy can touch a Hair.

11 Altho' they fret and strive their Rage to vent,
They cannot go beyond their Chain's Extent.

12 What in your Hearts, you Spirits, must you bear,
Who the sworn Enemies of Jesus are?

13 Who'd hinder God's blest Spirit's Industry
To train up Jesu's tender Family!

14 Lord Jesu! be eternally ador'd.
What should we be, were Jesus not our Lord?

15 But

15 But now in Peace and Love we still abide
Together blest, and nought can us divide.

16 In all, whate'er we know's the Lamb's Command,
We quite immoveable henceforth will stand.

17 At his Command, which proves most surely true,
In Faith and Love we let our Pilgrims go.

18 And when they from the Church are sent away,
Their Mother, that's Above, will them convey.

19 And so anoint the Treadings of their Feet,
That one can even smell their Savour sweet.

20 And on their Foreheads one may read it plain,
That they are Servants of the Cross's Train.

21 But how is't, that these People look so bright?
In Jesu's Blood they've wash'd their Garments white.

22 They thought: What is't to be as Angels fine,
If we're not wash'd in Jesu's Blood divine?

23 Have

23 Have Mercy on us, O thou Lamb of God!
Have Mercy on thy Kingdom bought with Blood!

24 Us, as the Members of thy Body, take,
And what Thou, Lord, seest best, that with us make.

25 And let us with deep Shame see daily clear
How beautiful thy five dear Wounds appear.

CCXIX.

From the German.

N° 1672.

1 THAT Covenant of Blood,
Seal'd once upon the Wood,
Is of my Faith the Ground;
And does, with Reason good,
'Gainst other empty Sound
All my Senses barr:
God its Name so fair
Can alone declare.

2 I in One God believe!
The same, who once did live
Scorn'd in the World and mean;
Whose

Whose Death this Truth doth give;
That we're deliver'd clear
(Wherewith, what of old
Was to the Ancients told,
Does agree and hold)

3 For the New Teſtament's Writ
Does Him, *their* God, admit
T' Himſelf t' have reconcil'd
The World, call'd Jeſus right,
Who of his Godhead ſpoil'd,
In Man's Likeneſs was,
And did Fleſh embrace
Mis'rable and baſe:

4 Who on this Earth did walk,
His Burden undertake,
Sore Poverty endure,
And ſuffer for Love's Sake
The Grief for Sins impure;
Yea, their perfect Weight,
Tho' to Him not ſweet,
Did to bear ſubmit.

5 Who ſo Himſelf diſpos'd
To be a Ranſom juſt;
And that ſtrong Penance-ſmart,
On which our Hope's repos'd,
Thro' ev'ry Vein and Part
Under God's ſtrict Hand,
Being thereto ordain'd,
Tremblingly ſuſtain'd:

6 Who

6 Who, lastly, all to feal
With well consider'd Zeal
From Feet, Hands, side, his Blood
Let stream, so that it fell
Mild as a Blessing's Flood;
On the Cross's Tree,
Where thou might it Him see
Plainly die for thee:

7 Who also bury'd was,
And all Things came to pass
As it had written been;
A Guard did watch the Place,
But He must rise again;
As the Bible spoke,
When the third Day broke,
He the Grave forsook:

8 Who is gone up on high,
Our Head and Christ thereby;
Who on the Throne doth sit,
Yet still keeps in his Eye
That for which He did sweat;
And no Drop so small
Then did from Him fall,
Which can't wash us all.

9 'Tis He, thro' whom I free
The Father's Face can see;
He too at me doth look,
For what Him griev'd in me,
Is quite away now took;

Since

Since Christ [illegible]
I no Judgment
Here, nor yet [illegible]here.

10 Thro' Him I [illegible]
Mention what Gift you please,
He [illegible]
On Him with all my [illegible]
As my sure Staff I [illegible]
He supports with Care,
Without Him I ne'er
Could me upright bear.

11 Thro' Him I'm from all Chain
Of Vassalage, which fain
The Foe would claim, release'd,
So that herewith the Train
Of Sins, my own old Veil
Rots away, bedew'd
By the Lamb's dear Blood,
For each Purpose good.

12 (Tho' I ne'er have such Thoughts,
That Sinner I am not,
I feel I am, and know,
Yet Sin is from me put;
Thank God, I this avow,
While the Blood's pure Sway
Present Day by Day,
Hath it drove away.

13 Be-

13 Beneath my Feet
So lies, I need not
According to its
Yea, if some Pain should grow,
Yet all must soon be still;
In such Case to aid,
Hangs the Lamb once dead,
On the Cross display'd.

14 This God, in Heart ador'd,
The same is, in a Word,
To whom I live henceforth,
And do belong, this Lord
To serve and praise on Earth:
Joyfully I own,
He hath Right alone
To Soul, Flesh and Bone.

15 That Robe and rich Array
On Glory's awful Day,
With the Lamb's Blood doth shine;
The Cross's Fruit, I say,
His Righteousness divine,
Which thus painted lies,
Is thro' Earth and Skies
My full Ransom-price.

16 He is, to speak in brief,
(All Honour to my Chief!)
Always all Things to me:
Without Demurr or Strife,
I to his Words agree;

Yea, till my Life's End,
On this God my Friend,
Shall my Faith depend!

CCXX.

1 THE everlasting God,
Who freely shed his Blood,
Once there upon a Tree,
Him we adore, 'tis He
Whom we for ever mean;
The God and Friend of Men.

2 The Church's tender Head,
In whom enamoured
She ever lives content,
As in her Element,
For ever loves his Bride,
For whom he gladly died.

3 And she so blessed is,
She gives Him many a Kiss;
Fix'd are her Eyes on Him,
Thence moves her ev'ry Limb,
And since she Him so loves,
She only with Him moves.

4 Does He vouchsafe to creep,
With Him she'll hidden keep;
Moves He upon the Wind,
She stays not then behind:

In Him a Way she's found
To want and to abound.

5 With Him she all Things will,
In whom she has her Fill.
The finest Things that are
Do not deserve her Care;
His Matters and his Blood
Appear her only Good.

6 And now she thanks Him here,
That He another Year
Has led her; O! so well,
That her Words ne'er can tell
Only the Thousandth Part,
What's felt within her Heart.

7 She here too at this Place
Begs a new Spark of Grace,
To be more giv'n to Him
In Spirit, Soul and Limb;
For, tho' with Love inflam'd,
Yet she is quite asham'd.

8 She fain would always bow
For ever very low,
Always embrace his Feet
With Tears and Kisses sweet:
For He's her only Chief,
In whom is her Belief.

CCXXI.

From the German.

1. THE House of God who rightly knows,
He sees a glorious Master-piece,
And mufh with Wonder and Delight,
Adore Him, who the Author is.
Th' *Eye* sees the Beauty of its Parts,
Th' *Ear* hears the Harmony of Hearts,
With which the Church his Praises sings;
What's *felt* the greatest Pleasure brings.

2. The Church lives in her Element,
Her Lot fell in a pleasant Place;
She takes her Rest with sweet Content,
And grows up under all Disgrace.
The Spirit of the Lamb her Head,
The Grace, which does her Members lead,
The Blood, her Bond of Unity,
Make her *come, look*, then *Triumph cry*.

CCXXII.

From the German.

1. THink, Lord! on thy Relations here,
Thy Blood-Communicants so dear,
Knights of the blessed Thorn,

(Which

(Which wounded thy most sacred Head)
Thy Bees, which on thy Wounds do feed;
Pour on them Oil out of thy Horn.

2 The Nail-prints, which our Thoughts employ,
The Wounds whereon we feed with Joy,
These we proclaim aloud;
And when our Tongues no more shall move
Here upon Earth, then speak Above
Th' eternal Gospel of our God.

3 There high in the Eternity
This Flock shall praise and honour Thee,
Thou open'd wounded Side
Of Him, who strung on the Bow,
Reveals his loving Face, and who
To Judgment on the Clouds does ride.

4 How do you think it then will be,
When Christ shall come in Majesty,
Perhaps we then shall fear;
O no! the Tears will freely flow,
All at his Feet will fall down low
Thro' all his Region ev'ry where.

CCXXIII.

1 THink on our Brethren, Lord,
Who spread the Gospel Word,
In Spirit fain and bold,
In Hunger, Heat and Cold

To spread the Gospel News
What Soul could ever refuse!

2 What Soul, who tasted has
What Thou art, what He was,
Whose Sins are done away,
Who has no more to pay,
Who sees the Whole is done,
And done by Thee alone!

3 To Thee one gives one's Heart,
Thou Man of Love and Smart!
Thou tender hearty Lamb!
Who gives Thee a right Name!
All Names, that we can find,
Leave much unsaid behind.

4 Tho' Thousand Tongues we had,
And Hearts for ever glad,
Enough we ne'er could sing
Of Thee our Head and King,
Of Thee and of our Price,
Thy Blood, thy Sacrifice.

5 One Day we Thee shall meet,
Then will we kiss and greet
Thy five most holy Wounds,
Which here were charming Sounds
When mention'd transiently:
How sweet will the Sight be!

6 Ye Hearts, who're touch'd by this,
Give each to Him a Kiss

In Spirit tenderly
Say, dearest Lamb, to Thee,
When we come there Above,
We'll tell how much we love.

7 Only give us, while here
Who bought'st the Souls so dear,
Give us an open Door
Never to be shut more;
Give us in every Place
Room to declare thy Grace.

8 And Thou before us go,
To every Sinner shew
What Need he has of Thee;
Then bring us happily
To fasten in his Heart,
That Thou that Saviour art.

9 'Tis well we know thy Plan,
What our God wills and can;
Else we should sometimes sink,
And not know what to think,
When Matters heavy move:
But Thou art Pow'r and Love.

10 O look then, dearest Lamb!
On all our Thoughts and Aim;
Our Weakness well Thou know'st,
Of ought we cannot boast,
But that we trust thy Word,
And know who is our Lord.

11 Let our Beginnings be,
Dear Jesu, ey'd by Thee,
Those Things which purpos'd are,
Help us to bring to bear,
Our many Things among
Forgive whate'er is wrong.

12 Go on to bless our Plain;
How little's all we can!
Yet, Workman great and wise!
Who shall thy Works despise!
A Tool that's us'd by Thee
Can Wonders do, we see.

13 This Flock of Sinners poor,
Who all thy Name adore,
Has help'd thy Praise to spread,
O let them have thy Aid
If Thou but helpest still,
They'll execute thy Will.

CCXXIV.

From the German.

'TIS He, even He, has blotted out
Whate'er brings Death and Woe;
'Tis He who cleanses us, and makes
Each Spot as white as Snow.
In Him my Spirit can rejoice
With an heroick Mind,

Free

Free from that Fear of [illegible]
Which other Sinners [illegible]

CCXXV.

1 THou dearest Lamb, thy being slaughter'd so,
Is the poor Sinners Life and Pardon too:
Give me a deep Feeling
Of this Salvation,
And make thy wounded Side my Habitation
For evermore.

2 Thou knowst all what's in my Heart, O Lamb,
If Thou will not receive me as I am,
I must surely perish:
But Thou dost love me,
And, midst my Baseness, ever wilt approve me
As thy own Spoil.

3 This feel I every Day most surely true,
Thy Love pursues me whereso'er I go,
Yea, when I'm rebellious
And would forget Thee,
Thou dost not punish me, Love will not let Thee;
But Thou forgiv'st.

4 How

4 How glad am I that Thou so loving art!
That Thou canst bless my base and worthless Heart,
And canst freely bear with
My whole behaviour;
O wert Thou not exactly such a Saviour,
What should I do?

5 Since then Thou art so good, I wish to be
A faithful Servant quite resign'd to Thee,
And to feel thy Presence
Each Day more healing,
And the poor Sinner's constant happy Feeling
The holy Shame.

CCXXVI.

From the German.

N°. 1.

A Hymn of Luther.

1 TO God on high all Glory be,
And Thanks that He's so gracious,
That hence to all Eternity,
No Evil shall oppress us;
God is well pleas'd with human Race,
There's now confirm'd a lasting Peace;
All Enmity is ended.

2 Thee

3 Thee we adore, and laud, and praise,
And thank for thy great Glory,
Father; that thy Realm lasts always,
Not frail or transitory:
Immense and boundless is thy Might,
What Thou decreest is done outright,
In such a Lord we're happy.

5 O Jesu Christ, thou only Child
Of thy celestial Father,
By whom all Strife is reconcil'd,
And all the Lost find Succour,
God's Lamb, our only holy Lord;
To Needy Pray'rs thy Ear afford,
And on us all have Mercy.

4 O Holy Ghost, thou Gift most dear,
Thou Comforter most wholesom;
From Satan's Pow'r henceforth keep clear
What Christ did save and ransom,
Thro' Torment great, and bitter Smart;
All Mischief and all Harm avert:
We trust Thou'lt this accomplish.

CCXXVII.

CCCXVII.

From the German.

The Lord's Prayer.

CHO. I.

1 THou whom there'in Heav'n we know,
CHO. II.
Since thy only Son is,
Tho' Lord God, their Brother now,
Father of the Churches.

2 *To thy Name be always brought*
It's due Praise and Glory:
For if Christ thy Son was not,
Father, who could know Thee?

3 *Let thy pow'rful Kingdom come,*
That Mankind do Homage
To the Lamb who bore their Doom
In the Sinners Image.

4 *As all Heav'n obeys thy Will,*
With deep Adoration;
So on Earth it shall fulfil
The Lamb's Congregation.

5 *With our everlasting Bread*
De this Day us Feeding;
With the Righteousness of God
From the Side so bleeding.

6 *Pardon*

6 *Pardon us our Treſpaſſes,*
Like as we're forgiving:
For thro' our Lord's Patience 'tis
That even we are living.

7 *In Temptation do not lead,*
Help us to ſtand rather
From the Wicked One quite freed,
In the Wounds together.
Amen.

Both Cnb.

Jeſu, Jehovah,
When we Thee are naming,
To God, Glory, Pow'r and Sway,
Be for ever, Amen.

CCXXVIII.

From the German.

1 THOU, *Father* of our loving Lord,
For thy Son's Sake, our Limb and Head,
Help to his Sinner-Church afford,
And love it, ſince for it He bled.
Thou bleſſed Spirit of our Lord,
Friend of the Church where He's ador'd:
Her, with that worthy Elder bleſt,
Make Thou a Pattern of the reſt.

2 *Thou faithful Husband*, for us slain,
Thou only Pleasure of our Heart,
Of Thee is glad thy Blood-bought Train,
For Thou indeed their Shepherd art.
O Church, thou Flock of Sinners poor,
Thou His Blood's dear Reward all o'er,
Live then to Him, and love, and do,
Till to thy Rest He lets thee go.

CCXXIX.

From the German.

N° 1600.

1 THOU hast Thyself reveal'd
Within my conscious Heart,
My Jesu! clearer than the Sun
I see thy Wounds and Smart:
By these I well can feel,
That Thou hast me releas'd;
A Glance from thy rich sov'reign Love
Has comforted my Breast.

2 Thy Name alone and Cross
My Gladness does create,
And to perceive, how as thine own,
I'm brought to such a State,
That of that painful Wood
I shall remain a Prize,

T'exalt

T' exalt that worthy Lamb, who me
Did into Him baptize.

3 O bleeding Lamb of God,
Once slaughter'd for our Sake!
(That Conflict strong, that Penance sore,
Which Thou didst undertake
In fiery Thirst of Love,
While on thy Throne reclin'd,
To rescue thy espoused Bride
From Insults of the Fiend:)

4 The Work Thou finish'd hast;
The Banner is set up,
The Lamb has forc'd his Way thro' all,
And backward shrinks Hell's Troop!
The Seals are open broke,
The Veil is rent in two,
All is recover'd and aven[illegible]'d,
And free the Sinners go.

5 Therefore my Soul is bow'd,
My Heart's in Joy and Peace,
Since I no more am terrify'd
About my Happiness:
My Lamb has me redeem'd,
Has all my Guilt forgiv'n,
I'm bury'd in that Death of his
Which so avails in Heav'n.

6 Give Thou me yet more Faith,
(On thy Side Love begun)
And to behold thy Wounds, till I
Enamour'd am thereon!
One muſt, Lamb, honour Thee,
Whoe'er thy Worth ſurveys,
At leaſt within the Church's Choirs,
Which is thy Crown and Praiſe.

7 She by Thee choſen was
Upon a gracious Day;
The Hour is not forgotten yet,
But one recount it may;
We therefore thank Thee ſtill
With deepeſt Senſe of Love,
For theſe dear People ev'ry one,
Who all thy Heart's Joy prove.

8 Aſſiſt them well to bear
What Thou ſhalt lay on each
In theſe thy Bleſſing's Days, that nought
To ſhake their Peace may reach;
While ſome do *Martha*'s Work,
To ſerve thy Flock preferr'd,
And ſome with *Mary* ſtill attend
The Teachings of our Lord:

9 The Fountain of thy Wounds
Open to them allow,
Whereby into the Holy Place
They ev'ry Hour may go,

In

In Sp'rit with Thee to treat,
The *Abba* forth to cry;
And daily walk with Power girt,
And at thy Bidding fly.

10 By these Words we will stand;
Thy Name and bloody Tree,
Lord, shall alone in ev'ry Place
Our Boast and Symbol be:
Since Thou with Heart so kind
Didst on the Cross expire;
Our Shield and Strength Thou dost remain,
The God our Souls Desire.

CCXXX.

From the German.

N° 1398.

1 THOU hast the Church appointed once, that she
O'er all this Earth unto thy Praise should be:

2 Therefore, O Father! bless, afresh now bless
Thy dear Child's Sweat and Shepherd's-Faithfulness.

3 That we that Truth bequeath'd us * may attain,
O Lord! the needful Light in all Things deign.

4 The Congregation-Members Joy increaſe,
By thy Blood's Ray and Brightneſs of thy Peace:

5 This o'er our Head ſhine always, as is fit
For ſuch who to Thyſelf ſo cloſe are knit.

6 Eſpecially thoſe Children bear in Mind,
To whom the Conqu'ror's Work Thou haſt aſſign'd:

7 Whom for thy Sake into the World Thou'ſt ſent,
And endleſs Pains and Nurſing on them ſpent.

8 As Head and Prince of this thy Houſe remain,
Shew Thyſelf clear amidſt thy Witneſs-Train.

9 And ſince Thou know'ſt what our Heart's Love doth ſhare,
Is a ſmall Twig, which Thou haſt rais'd thus far;

* John xvi. 13.

10 A little Church, like a poor abject Worm,
But yet on whom Free Grace doth much perform:

11 So teach us ſtill to pray for this ſmall Fold,
That Thou no needful Gifts from her with-hold;

12 That on the Day, her Caſe and Times Above
Remember'd are, the Sire Thou for her move.

13 Preſerve her in that tend'reſt Love of thine,
Strengthen her Arm to carry, ſtrive and win.

14 Herewith, O grant her ev'ry Hour and Day,
Unto thy wounded *Side* an open Way:

15 Unto that *Ear*, which each Choir's ev'ry Need
Is wont ſo readily to hear and heed:

16 Unto that *Eye*, which o'er thy Children wakes,
And in their Race a kind Complacence takes:

17 That

17 That *Mouth*, which to the wretched Poor
so mild,
Knows more to speak than Mother to a
Child:

18 That *Foot*, which for us once was pierced
thro',
And treads the Path before its Soldiers
now:

19 That *Hand*, which never weary was as
yet
To bless its own dear Souls, whenever
met:

20 That *Body*, which our Off'ring is, and
Food
For Trav'lers to Eternity so good:

21 That *Blood*, which for our Sins was freely
shed,
And since that Hour is o'er its People
spread:

22 That *Breath*, which all the World doth
shake and sway,
But its own People stirs in softer Way:

23 That *Heart*, which loves, as none else
could or dar'd,
And does the Church peculiarly regard.

24 When

24 When thus thy ev'ry Pow'r, by Influence due,
Shall with thy Flock its faithful Work purſue,
25 And in thy Matters ſhall poor Worms ſuſtain:
To Thee, and them, and all Men 'twill be Gain;
26 And we with one Accord, thro' Love and Shame,
Will at thy Feet lie down, and thank our Lamb!

CCXXXI.

From an old German *Hymn at a Baptiſm.*

THE Eye ſees Water, nothing more,
How it is poured out by Men;
But Faith alone conceives the Pow'r
Of Jeſu's Blood to make us clean.
Faith ſees it as a quite red Flood,
Colour'd with Jeſus' Blood and Grace,
Which heals each Sore, and makes all good,
What *Adam* brought on us his Race,
And all what we ourſelves have done.

CCXXXII.

CCXXXII.

From the German.

THE Terrors of the Sea so great,
Storm, Hunger, Frost, and burning Heat,
Cannot prevent, with all their Pow'r,
Our grasping round about yet more:
For when in Jesu's Name we grasp around,
We see each Hindrance falling to the Ground.

CCXXXIII.

1 THE slaughter'd Lamb,
Who bore my Shame,
Who liv'd for me,
And dy'd upon the Tree;
The Lamb, who shed his Blood,
Is God:
He is the King,
To whom I sing
Here in these Days,
And there in Heav'n always.

2 Thus says the Bride
Of Him, who dy'd
Upon the Wood,
Who is her only Good,

She

She loves him tenderly:
And He,
The Man of Smart
That bleeding Heart,
Calls Her, his *Dove*,
His *Joy*, his *Spouſe*, his *Love**.

3 No tend'reſt Man,
Nor Bridegroom can,
Her, whom he loves,
And perfectly approves,
With ſuch a Tenderneſs
Embrace,
Or feel ſuch Flame
As does the Lamb.
What does his Spouſe?
She loves, receives, and bows.

4 Ye Great and Wiſe,
Who Him deſpiſe!
Come here and ſee!
The deepeſt Myſtery,
See!—*HE who ſwam in Blood*
Is God,
The King of Kings,
Who made all Things,
Whom all adore,
Who rules for evermore.

5 Who is the Bride,
For whom He dy'd,

* See the *Canticles*.

To be his Queen?
A Being poor and mean.
A Flock of Sinners base,
The Grace
Of God's own Son,
Chose for his own,
For his Delight
In all the Angels Sight.

6 And this confounds
You, who his Wounds
Nor love nor know,
You Partners of the Foe.
You think it cannot be,
That He
Should leave his Throne
For Men undone;
But tho' ye're mad,
His Church, his Spouse, is glad.

7 How will it be?
When once you see
This blessed Train
Around the Lamb once slain,
In Linnen fine and white
Most bright?
And you for fear,
Now there, now here
Look for a Place
To hide you from his Face!

8 Then shall rejoice,
And raise her Voice,
The ransom'd Bride
Of Jesus crucified.
She shall behold her Love
Above,
And kiss and greet
His Hands and Feet;
His Side's wide Space
Will be her Shelt'ring Place.

9 Hence it is clear,
Why always here,
Of the Lamb slain
She sings, and Lamb again;
Why nothing sweeter sounds
Than Wounds:
For even there,
As well as here,
Lamb's Blood and Death
Will be the Shiboleth.

10 O Father dear!
O let us here
Lay at thy Throne,
And thank Thee for thy Son,
Whom Thou so graciously,
And free,
Gav'st up to die,
And satisfy

For *Adam*'s Race,
And what created was.

11 And Thou, O Lord!
Th' eternal Word,
Who Flesh wert made,
Our venerable Head!
O thou beloved Heart!
Thy Smart,
Thy Stripes and Blows,
Preserve thy Spouse
In constant Peace,
Till she can see thy Face.

12 Dear Comforter,
Hear Thou our Pray'r!
And teach us mild
Still more of thy dear Child,
Tell us of Him our God,
In Blood.
And let his Bride
Rejoic'd abide,
In teaching this,
That his Cross Wisdom is.

13 Fall at his Feet,
Church! as 'tis meet:
He is thy Head,
Fall down, and yet be glad!
How much hath done for thee,
Ev'n HE:

O praiſe his Name
With Joy and Shame.
He's thine, thro' Blood,
Thy Lamb, thy Spouſe, thy God.

CCXXXIV.

From the German.

1 WElcome among thy choſen Flock
With many thouſand Wiſhes, Thou
Who ever wert and art their Rock,
Come and refreſh thy People now,
Who for thy Croſs' Word ſo dear
Differ from all, and ſtand alone,
Accept from us united here
The Elder's Adoration.

2 We kiſs thy Hand in Spirit, Lamb,
Mark'd with a Print, bor'd by the Nail,
That Hand which for us on the Stem
Was ſtretch'd out, and appear'd ſo pale;
That Hand, which e'er thou went'ſt away,
One ſaw thy choſen People bleſs,
That Hand by which, on Judgment-day,
Thy Sinners are to ſtand by Grace.

CCXXXV.

From the German.

WITH Gladness will we waiting stand
For our Lord Jesus Christ's Command;
Tho' separated here below,
We'll yet in Him together flow;
Hence we at parting need not so complain,
As if we never were to meet again.

CCXXXVI.

1 WHAT sweet Reflection this to our poor Souls,
That we dare look in Jesu's pierced Holes,
And see there our Freedom,
And sure Election;
And when we only move by his Direction
We're always well.

2 This too by sweet Experience I do find,
That when I feel how poor I am and blind,
Thou art near unto me,
And dost discover
Something whereby I'm sure thou art the Lover
Of Sinners poor.

3 Be

3 Be prais'd, my Lamb, for this and all thy
Grace;
Which Thou for me by thy Blood pur-
chas'd haſt.
O draw me full nearer,
Make me more faithful,
That I to Thee and thy Church may be
helpful,
Beloved Head.

4 Thy Blood, thy Death, remain our conſtant
Theme.
Let ev'ry Witneſs this alone proclaim,
And fill Thou their Hearts with
Thy bleſſed Unction,
That they may faithfully fulfil their Fun-
ction,
To which they're call'd.

5 Go with them when they publiſh thy bleſt
Pain,
And tell how Thou for all Mankind wert
ſlain;
And when they but mention
Thy bitter Paſſion
Then let each Soul be ſure of their Salva-
tion,
And bleſs thy Wounds.

CCXXXVII.*

1 WHAT shall thy poor Child say
Of thy great Work this Day,
Which, O Supreme of Kings,
Thy own Arm forward brings?
Or how express that Light,
Which overwhelms me quite?

2 I dare to Thee ascribe,
What now thro' ev'ry Tribe
And Land as Lightning darts,
And gently warms the Hearts:
Yes, I can place it, Lamb,
To thy pure Will and Name.

3 For who at first saw thro'
Thy Plan, or guides it now?
Yea, where hath human Wit
The Footsteps of thy Feet
Amidst the Lamps of Gold,
Once guess'd at or foretold?

4 A Spark sent down from Thee
In deepest Poverty,
To Remnants crush'd and broke
By Persecution's Yoke
In the dark cloudy Days,
This blaz'd unto thy Praise.

* This Hymn relates to the Revival and to the present State of the Work of the LORD among the *Brethren*.

5 Weighty,

5 Weighty, 'tis true, to all
Was the ſtrong ſecret Call,
Which bade each Boſom burn,
And to its Lord return,
The ancient League renew;
But how, or where, none knew.

6 Thine Eye had mark'd the Place,
And drew the ſcatter'd Race
With humbleſt Awe to meet
Before thy ſacred Feet:
In Feebleneſs they came,
Thine was the boundleſs Aim.

7 Here now each diff'rent Zeal
Which pious Minds could feel,
Strove earneſt to procure
The Goſpel-Life and Pow'r;
Since, this World's Goods giv'n up,
That only was their Hope.

8 Ah who that ſimple Thing
To perfect Light ſhall bring,
Which when it rules the reſt,
The Plan throughout is bleſt,
We're knit to Chriſt Above,
And 'mong ourſelves in Love.

9 A Breath divine there was,
A Gale of conqu'ring Grace!
The Pearl was ſoon made known,
All Hearts did melt in one,

Before

Before the Saviour bow'd,
Before th' Atoning Blood.

10 What could the Sinner claim,
All over Guilt and Shame?
The Gospel Gift is free,
Adoption, Peace and Joy,
Can Things so distant join?
Sure Blood must come between.

11 When warm the Soul a Deeds
Of Grace and Righteousness,
When to her own Surprize,
The Spirit's Fruits arise;
Believe it then who can,
This was acquir'd by Man.

12 No, no, a deeper Cause
In this Affair gives Laws;
What acts thro' Earth and Skies,
Is the Lamb's Sacrifice;
'Tis that makes right and just
Such Favour to poor Dust.

13 Sweet thence to ev'ry Heart
Were thy dear Wounds and Smart,
And fervent on each Tongue
That everlasting Song;
For what all want so much,
Did these Souls strike and touch.

14 Now a true Church were they
Who to their Head could pray,

Could

Could his great Counsel know,
Into his Spirit grow;
And as his Spouse, could share
His watchful Love and Care.

15 This Knowledge of thy Blood,
With closest Brotherhood,
(Thy double Grace confer'd)
Experience more endear'd;
They prov'd that Word full well,
Which they should preach and tell.

16 For this was thy large Mind,
Saviour of all Mankind,
These Babes Abroad to send
Thy Ransom to commend:
Now they with simplest View,
Their Witness-Lot pursue.

17 Nor does thy Blessing cease
T' attend the News of Peace!
In Regions far and near,
One Energy is clear;
Thousands reliev'd, restor'd,
Sav'd by the Cross's Word.

18 What Good Thou mean'st, my Lamb,
To Men; how pure a Flame
This is, Thou know'st: Defend,
Bless it from End to End;
Let Fiends it fear, but none
Of dear Mankind disown.

19 For

19 For this my Heart can see,
The open'd Spring a Tree;
'Twill branch (untainted still)
In Streams more wide, until
Lost in the spreading Plan
The Names be, which began.

20 O keep each Hand and Heart
Which in this Work have Part,
Waiting in Truth on Thee,
Tender Fidelity!
And since the Cause is Thine,
In Meekness let them shine!

CCXXXVIII.

In the German *Measure.*

YE bottomless Depths of God's infinite Love!
By Jesus Christ to us reveal'd!
Its Motions how burning, how flaming they prove!
Tho' from Man's Wisdom quite conceal'd!
What dost thou love? Sinners the vilest Race!
Whom dost thou bless? Children who curse thy Grace,
O Being most gracious! whom Angels adore,
Thou tak'st thy Delight in Things worthless and poor.

CCXXXIX.

CCXXXIX.

From the German.

No 22.

An ancient Hymn of Luther.

1 YE Chriſtian Congregations near,
Exult, be joyful in the Lord!
With Love and Willingneſs declare,
And all ſing forth with one Accord,
What Gifts upon us are beſtow'd
Thro' the rich Mercies of our God:
Sweet are his wondrous Acts and Ways,
And well he has deſerv'd our Praiſe.

2 Enthrall'd to Satan's Pow'r we lay,
Periſh'd we were, ſhut up in Death;
Our Sin did fright us Night and Day,
It ſeiz'd us from our earlieſt Breath;
We ever deeper ſunk therein,
Our Life was ſuch a bitter Scene,
That it no Good at all contain'd,
For Sin alone throughout us reign'd.

3 We from good Works no Help could draw,
All Thoughts or Hopes of theſe were fled;
Our Free Will hated God's pure Law,
And was to Goodneſs wholly dead:

The

The sore Distress threw us in Doubt,
(No other Issue finding out,)
That Death for us remain'd alone,
And we must into Hell sink down.

4 Then God on his eternal Seat
Pity'd the Greatness of our Woe;
His Mercy He would not forget,
But something for our Succour do:
Yea, his paternal Heart divine
He fully to us did incline,
His choicest Treasures did not spare,
Nor his best Might, in our Affair.

5 He said to his beloved Son,
"'Tis Time Free Mercy to express;
"Go Thou, my Heart's Delight and Crown,
"Become the Health of this poor Race:
"Help them out of those Chains and Straits
"Which Sin so fatally creates,
"Slay for them Death their deadly Foe;
"And them to live with Thee allow."

6 The Son his Father glad obey'd,
And on this Earth unto us came,
Flesh of a spotless Virgin made,
Our Brother, in all Points the same,
(For so, thro' Love to us, he chose;)
His Power he kept hid and close,
In Figure poor walk'd all the while,
The Fiend He thus would catch and foil.

7 To

7 To us He ſaid, "On me depend,
"A good Event you yet ſhall ſee;
"Myſelf I'll wholly for you ſpend,
"A Champion in your Stead I'll be:
"For I am yours, and you are mine,
"A Bond eternal doth us join,
"Where I am, there ſhall ye abide,
"Nor ſhall the Foe us e'er divide.

8 "This Blood of mine ſhall forth be pour'd,
"I cruelly of Life bereav'd;
"'Twill all be for your Sake endur'd,
"Stedfaſt be this by you believ'd:
"My pow'rful Life ſhall ſwallow up
"Pale Death, when I have drank his Cup,
"My Innocence away ſhall take
"Your Sins, and you then happy make.

9 "Out of this World I muſt again
"Unto my heav'nly Sire aſcend:
"There your kind Maſter I'll remain;
"And will the Holy Spirit ſend,
"Author of Love, of Joy, and Peace,
"To comfort you in all Diſtreſs,
"To make me to you clearly known,
"And in the Truth to lead you on.

10 "What I have done, or giv'n in Charge,
"That ſhall you publiſh and fulfil;
"So you God's Kingdom ſhall enlarge,
"And bring Him Praiſe and Honour
"ſtill:

" And I one Caution with you leave,
" See that no Gloſſes you deceive
" Of thoſe, who when Love colder grows,
" The Treaſure of pure Faith will loſe."

On Pſal. cx. 4.

An Oath indeed! The Depths were ſeal'd,
That nought of it fell to the Ground;
From Hell its Meaning was conceal'd;
Eternity did ſtill reſound,
Amen and Amen, be it ſo!
The Devils fear'd, and all were ſad,
Th' eternal Name they well did know;
The heav'nly Hoſts were inly glad.

* * * *

The Wounds on Thee beſtow'd,
The Blood and Water Flood,
Thy Heart ſo full of Pain,
Thy Death, O Lord and GOD!
Preſerve thy choſen Train
In the Bond of Love
Whereſoe'er they move,
Till they meet above.

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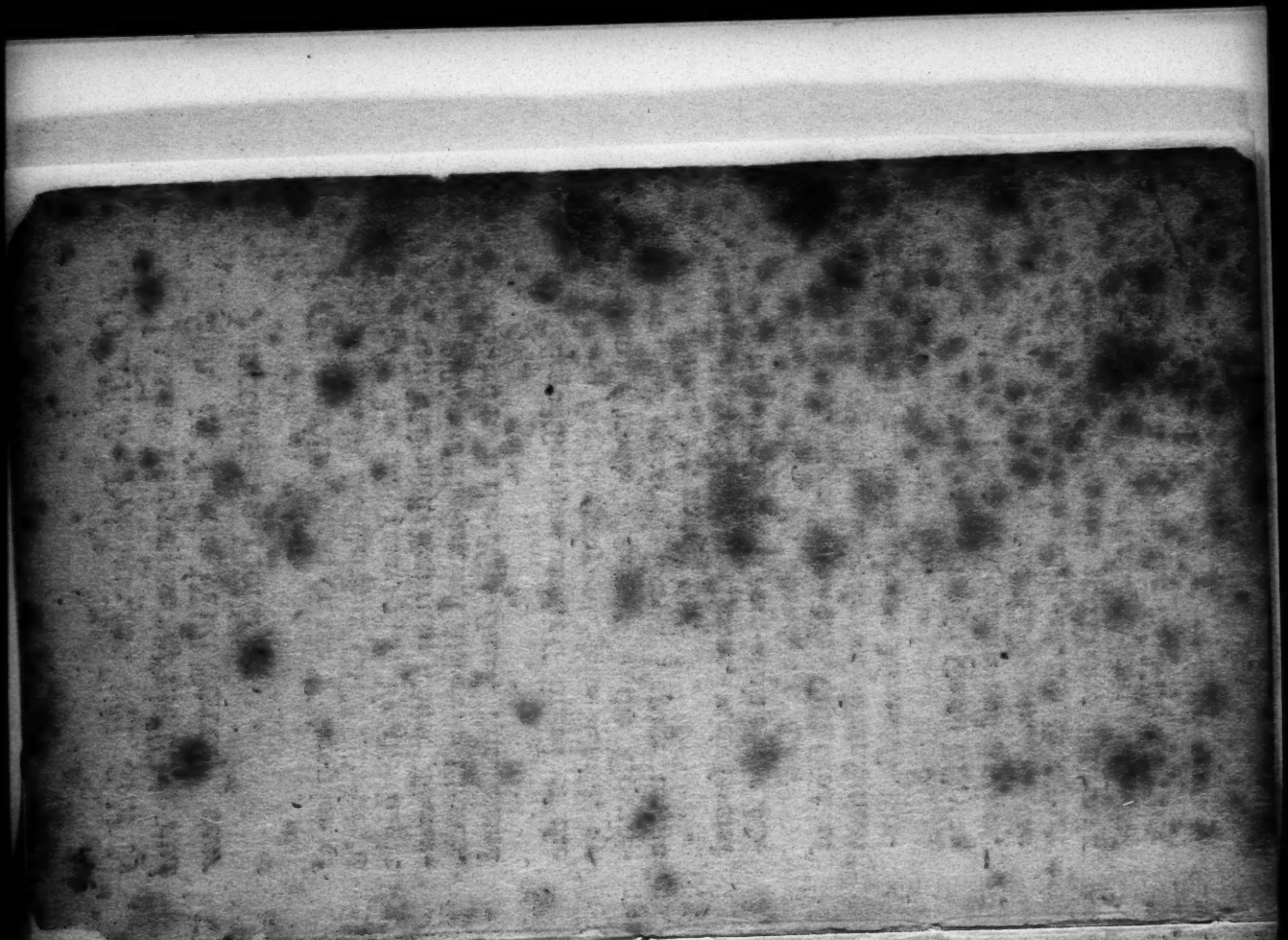

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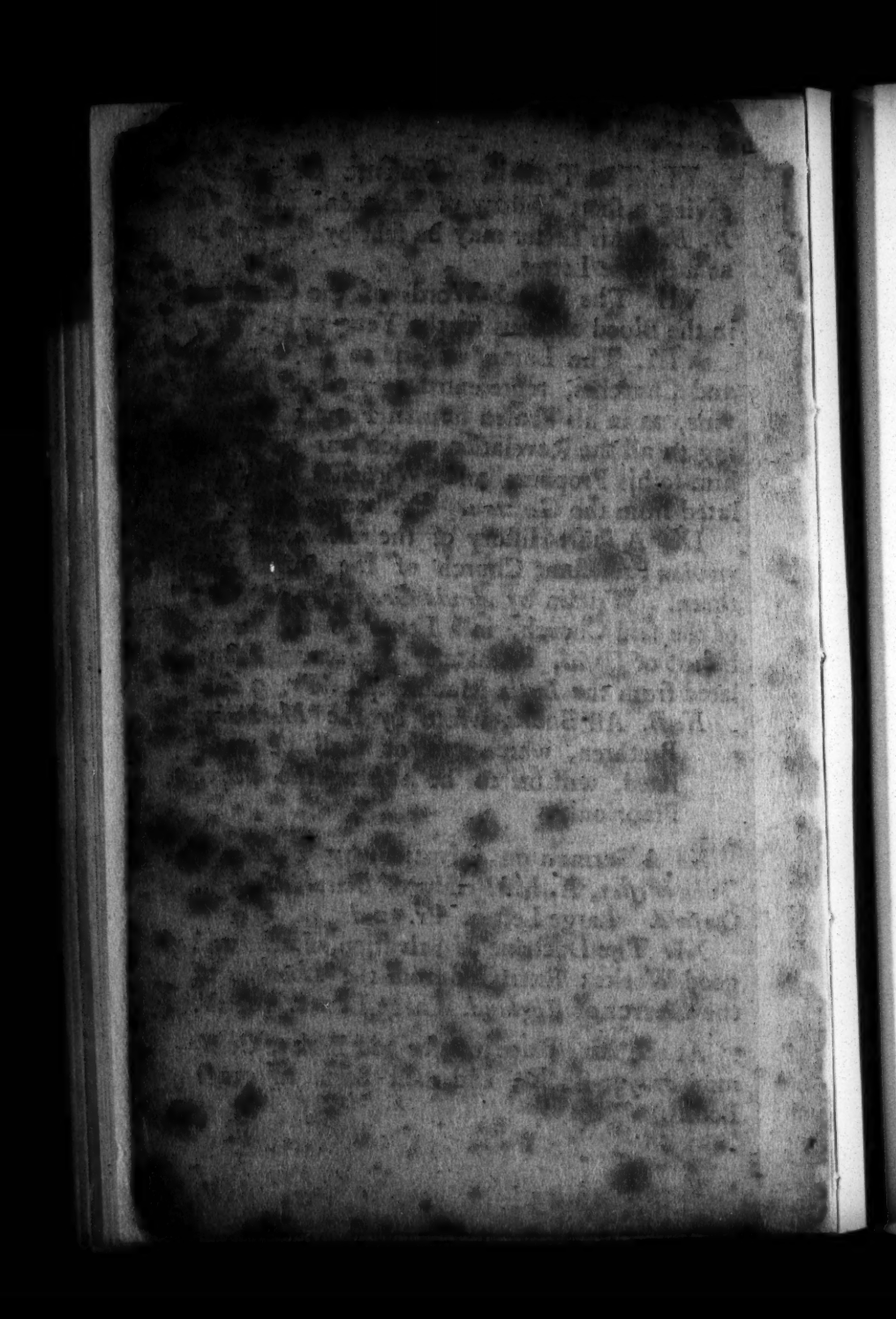
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